

The Tragedie of Hamlet

These hands are not more like.

Ham. But where was this?

Mar. My Lord vpon the platforme where we watch.

Ham. Did you not speake to it?

Hora. My Lord I did,

But answere made it none, yet once me thought

It lifted vp it head, and did addresse

It selfe to motion like as it would speake:

But euen then the morning Cock crewe loude,

And at the sound it shrunk in hast away

And vanisht from our sight.

Ham. Tis very strange.

Hora. As I doe liue my honor'd Lord tis true

And we did thinke it writ downe in our dutie

To let you knowe of it.

Ham. Indeede Sirs but this troubles me.

Hold you the watch to night?

All. We doe my Lord.

Ham. Arm'd say you?

All. Arm'd my Lord.

Ham. From top to toe?

All. My Lord from head to foote.

Ham. Then sawe you not his face.

Hora. O yes my Lord, he wore his beauer vp.

Ham. What look't he frowningly?

Hora. A countenance more in sorrow then in anger.

Ham. Pale, or red?

Hora. Nay very pale.

Ham. And fixt his eyes vpon you?

Hora. Most constantly.

Ham. I would I had beene there.

Hora. It would haue much a maz'd you.

Ham. Very like, stayd it long?

Hora. While one with moderate hast might tell a hundreth.

Both. Longer, longer.

Hora. Not when I saw't.

Ham. His beard was grisl'd, no.

Hora. It was as I haue seene it in his life

A sable siluer'd.

Prince of Denmarke.

Ham. I will watch to nigh
Perchaunce twill walke againe.

Hora. I warn't it will.

Ham. If it assume my noble fathers person,
He speake to it though hell it selfe should gape

And bid me hold my peace; I pray you all

If you haue hetherto conceald this fight

Let it be tenable in your silence still,

And what someuer els shall hap to night,

Giue it an vnderstanding but no tongue,

I will requite your loues, so farre you well:

Vppon the platforme twixt a leauen and twelue

He visite you.

All. Our dutie to your honor.

Exeunt.

Ham. Your loues, as mine to you, farwell.

My fathers spirit (in armes) all is not well,

I doubt some foule play, would the night were come,

Till then sit still my soule, sonde deedes will rise

Though all the earth ore-whelme them to mens eyes.

Exit.

Enter Laertes, and Opheliabhis Sister.

Lac. My necessities are inbarckt, farwell,

And sister, as the winds giue benefit

And conuay, in afsistant doe not sleepe

But let me heere from you.

Ophe. Doe you doubt that?

Lac. For Hamlet, and the trifling of his fauour,

Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood

A Violet in the youth of primy nature,

Forward, not permanent, sweete, not lasting,

The perfume and suppliance of a minute

No more.

Ophe. No more but so.

Lac. Thinke it no more.

For nature cressant does not growe alone

In thewes and bulkes, but as this temple waxes

The inward seruice of the minde and soule

Growes wide withall, perhapes he loues you now,

And now no soyle nor cautell doth besmirch

The vertue of his will, but you must feare,

C3

His